

Useful
Hints

Woman and Home

Ethical
Talks

WHO'S GUILTY?

7th Story, Truth Crushed to Earth
By Mrs. Wilson WoodrowAuthor of "The Silver Butterfly," "The Black Pearl," "Sally Salt," Etc.
(Novelized from the series of photographs of the same name released by the Pathe Exchange and shown at the Victor Theater.)

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SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING CHAPTERS.

Tom Blake and Marjorie Lamson are children together, he always the protector. When a little boy was punished by his father for having got into mischief and dirty, while pretending he was saving Marjorie from a dog, Tom was severely punished. Later, he was to college and is in the same class with Marjorie's brother, Harry. When he finishes college he and Marjorie admit their love for each other, but her father refuses his consent to their marriage and forbids Marjorie to see him. They arrange to meet at a drug store that night when Tom reaches the store, he finds Harry among a group of youths.

(Continued from Tuesday)

Before Tom could withdraw, one of the boys called him, calling "Look here, see what we've got!"

He held up for inspection a sign-board on whose black surface was chalked in white the word "Under-taker."

"We're going to hang it under Dr. Lentz's shingle around the corner yonder," explained the youth. "The old guy will be sore as blazes when he sees it in the morning."

"Oh, don't waste time telling Thomas Hester that," Tom Blake, about to sneer Harry Lamson, "I'll pretend you a sermon on the sin of slandering and then speak around and warn old Lentz."

Tom Blake walked up to him very quietly and with no indication of threat.

"I'm not giving you anything," he said, "and as for sneaking about, I'll trouble you to take back what you said about that. Here and now. Take it back!"

"How a fellow called a clerk who had just said 'Under-taker' in a store."

"There's not going to be any sneaking," said Tom Blake, "because he's going to take it back."

"I don't think I'm afraid of you," said Harry.

"I don't think so," Tom replied. "Take back what you said about my sneaking."

"Look, Blake, I take it back!"

Tom, with his glance shifting before the suddenly steady blaze of the quiet eyes that looked into his, "Anything for peace?"

Tom nodded and turned away. The boys, with their hands out, stepped out. Tom waited a minute or so longer, then left the store. He came face to face with Marjorie, who was entering.

"Oh, I'm so glad you got my note!" said the girl, her hands met. "I was afraid you'd be away from home or something. Which direction shall we walk?"

As she talked they had fallen into step and were crossing the street. Before they could decide further as to their direction, an apparition half-block below brought them to an abrupt halt.

A hundred feet away, under the glare of an electric light, a knot of six or seven people were engaged in a decidedly lively tussle. One of the group, understood the situation.

"They were going to hang an undertaker's sign under Dr. Lentz's name," he explained to Marjorie, "and that can't have caught them at it and tried to run them in. There's beating him up, the idiot! That'll mean a night in the 'hoosegow' for some of them. There's—"

"Tom!" she cried, shrilly. "Oh, Tom! One of them is Harry!"

"Yes," said Tom, without interest. "I see it is."

"But—oh, he is always getting into trouble!" she went on. "He's certain to be arrested. And that will never forgive him. He said it Harry ever got into another scrape—he's Tom, please—please, for my sake, go over and get him away!"

"Please, dear!" she entreated.

And, stirred by the hint of tears in her entreaty, he reluctantly obeyed. Running across the street, he plunged into the jostling group, arriving just

as Harry struck the policeman a glancing blow on the back of the neck.

"Get away from this!" ordered Tom, seizing Harry's arm and flinging him back out of the struggle.

As he did so, the policeman turned to grapple with the man who had struck him. Tom was where Harry had been standing and the policeman grabbed him. Harry, seeing what had happened, yelled:

"Beat it, boys! Here come the reserves!"

In a moment the group had scattered, leaving Tom a captive. Tom made no resistance, saying merely:

"You've got hold of the wrong chap, officer. Another case of arresting the innocent bystander!"

"You're the lad that hit me!" declared the policeman, pulling from his hand light. "I'll swear to that. Come along!"

Marjorie, seeing her lover's plight, ran across the street to his rescue. Before she could reach him, Harry darted out of the shadows and caught hold of her hand.

"Come away from this!" he said, harshly, "and come quick! I'm not going to have my sister mixed up in a police court case!"

"But, Harry!" she exclaimed, fighting to free herself and to rejoin Tom. "He'll be arrested. He—"

"Serve him right! The bullying prig!"

"You must come home with me," Tom said, "and I'll call Dad and tell him what's happened. He'll see that you're not mixed up in this. Besides, Blake's got to go to him."

"You wouldn't be so mean—so cowardly—"

"You're calling me names! That's just what I'll do! Dad—if you say the word to clear that Blake prig out of my house, I'll be glad to go to bed at home for this shindie. Besides, Blake's got to go to him!"

"Why, I surrendered, fear overcame me!"

The university town's two morning papers next day contained lurid accounts of what they termed "a student riot," and they added the information that Thomas Couserwaite Blake, a senior at the university, had been the ringleader and had been arrested for assaulting Officer Hester.

It was on Blake's fourth and on his family's social standing and had let him off with a suspended sentence.

When Tom, after a hideous scene at home, went to the university he found a summons to report at once at the office of the institution's president.

To the president's displeased inquiries Tom merely said:

"I had nothing to do with the fight, I was on the other side of the street when I first saw it. I tried to get an acquaintance out of danger. And, in the scrimmage I was caught and arrested. I give you my word I had no part in any of the rest of it."

"None of them ever has," said the president. "They are always innocent."

"I hope, sir," answered Tom, "you are not implying that I haven't told you the truth."

(To be continued to-morrow.)

Jeanne d'Arc Dress.

The most popular dress exhibited by the Paris dressmakers and sent over by the French government to the Fashion Bazaar at the Grand Central Palace in New York for the benefit of the allies was called after the Maid of Orleans, even a white satin petticoat with a lace hem and three flounces of embroidered and scalloped organdie. The corsage has a deep cape of embroidered organdie over which is a small turned-down collar. The skirt is edged with a lace ruffle, which veils a triple belt of blue, white and orchid velvet.

Crustless Custard Pie

Grease a large pie pan well and pour into it the following: two cups sugar, four cups flour, four cups milk, a pinch of salt, three eggs thoroughly beaten, one teaspoonful of vanilla extract and one quart of milk stirred in slowly. Bake in a very moderate oven until it is a nice brown. It will look inside and out like a custard pie with a crust but, be sure to grease the pan thoroughly.

What to Wear

Piquant Tailleur for Early Autumn
Trimmed With Braid.

BY MME. QUI VIVE.

Displaying the figure is sometimes the consolation of the woman who cannot display brains or good humor.

"The development of fashions," says the fashion philosopher, "is much like the development of human ideals."

"A new style emerges from chaos. It may have been created through the mistake of a great dress artist who accidentally cut his cloth the wrong way. It is criticized, scorned, quarreled over, fought about! Its growth is more or less stormy, because of the opposition of the conservatives. Finally it blossoms forth and is generally accepted."

"And the moment it is accepted, its destruction begins. 'Yes,' say we, 'it is here, everybody wants it. That means that it has lost its charm as a subject of dispute, and the very thing that makes it, breaks it.'

"Isn't it the same system with the things we talk about, argue for? When there is no longer reason for argument because every one takes them for granted, we go tearing, scrambling, chasing, hurrying after newer ideals."

"Isn't this eagerness, followed by discontent, the story of the world itself? Nations develop, become supreme, fall! Isn't it—the whole delightful crazy game—all put together on the same system? I can't see that fashions are different in their processes than a lot of other things in human life. They're a heap sight more reasonable than most of the individuals who criticize them."

The basque frill is becoming wayward. It does as it jolly well pleases to do. And some of the best imported models with the basque frills of the tailored jacket made so skimpy that they are "skimp" skin-tight and are not frills at all. Again, the basque is high, low or cut at the line of the hip.

Viola, who cares? And yet we cannot wear any old jacket. It has to have the cachet—a something which cannot be defined, but if it isn't there we might as well get off the boulevard of fashion.

The illustration depicts an early autumn suit with the skirt braided round about and laid front, back and sides in wide single box plaits. The jacket has a novel feature in the side piece, which is a part of coat and basque frill both, with gathered pieces placed on the back and front of the jacket. The braided effect goes so far and no farther, and pumps over the side lines, defying all the fashion

umpires. Look at the collar, "Peasb?" Rather, thinking for the better, particularly the lady's complexion.

Also, in choosing millinery, you will rarely always find that the hat with the curved undulating outline is more becoming than the one with straight-across lines, like unto the old-time sailor. A tilt at one side, a scoop

curve in front or a brim silhouette broken by trimming, has a softening effect upon the human portrait.

A real beauty can wear almost everything and appear attractive, but alas, Miss Nature did not make us all beauties!

(Copyright, 1916, by J. Keeler.)

Hats of Crepe.

Hats of Georgette crepe, often faced with a fine straw, seem to have taken the fancy of the well-dressed American woman, for there have been seen a number of these hats in the last few weeks. These crepe hats, of pink, blue, purple or yellow hues, are not bright tones, but colors that, while not pastel, are a bit dulled from the primary or secondary pure tones. The hats are backed by a fine silk, which makes it almost impossible to tell at a little distance that the hat is of crepe. It seems to take on from its lining a sort of velvety tone. Ribbons and flowers, sparingly used, are the principal decoration of these hats. They are mostly sailor or shepherdess forms.

People
Like ThatBy
KATE
LANGLEY
BOSHER

Who could help being jaunty with a neckband like that?

Nobody!

Has it occurred to you that the chief charm of a champagne is not in its shape, or its decorative effects, but so much as it is the color of the liquid under the brim?

Nearly all hats with straw brims that are left unfaced give a harsh line. This is particularly true of thick brims, which are such as leghorns. A facing of delicate faint rose, or faded French blue, will change every-

Menu Suggestions

Breakfast.
Cherries.
Boiled Rice with Milk.
Lemon and Bacon.
Lunch.
Deviled Kidney.
Gingerbread.
Dinner.
Cream of Lettuce Soup.
Crested Potatoes.
Cabbage Salad.
Raspberry Shortcake.
Coffee.
Lemonade.

Today And A
Generation Hence

The flight of time makes us think of the future. The baby of today reflects what greatness may be acquired when he grows up. And any influence that brings relief to the expectant mother is the first and greatest of obligations. There is a splendid remedy known as "Mother's Friend" that has been a safeguard, a helpful daily aid, a blessed relief from morning sickness resulting from undue stretching. They experience daily calm and nightly rest. It is indeed "Mother's Friend." Get a bottle today of any druggist. Then write Bradford Regulator Co., 410 Lamar Bldg., Atlanta, Ga., for one of the most entertaining, best and reliable books ever presented. It is worth writing for.



they stretch without undue pain, there is an absence of distress, the nerves are soothed by taking away the burden of leaving all to just natural conditions. There is in "Mother's Friend" the direct and immediate help that all expectant mothers require. Used by their own hand, guided by their own mind, they feel as once a blessed relief from morning sickness resulting from undue stretching. They experience daily calm and nightly rest. It is indeed "Mother's Friend." Get a bottle today of any druggist. Then write Bradford Regulator Co., 410 Lamar Bldg., Atlanta, Ga., for one of the most entertaining, best and reliable books ever presented. It is worth writing for.

Adv.

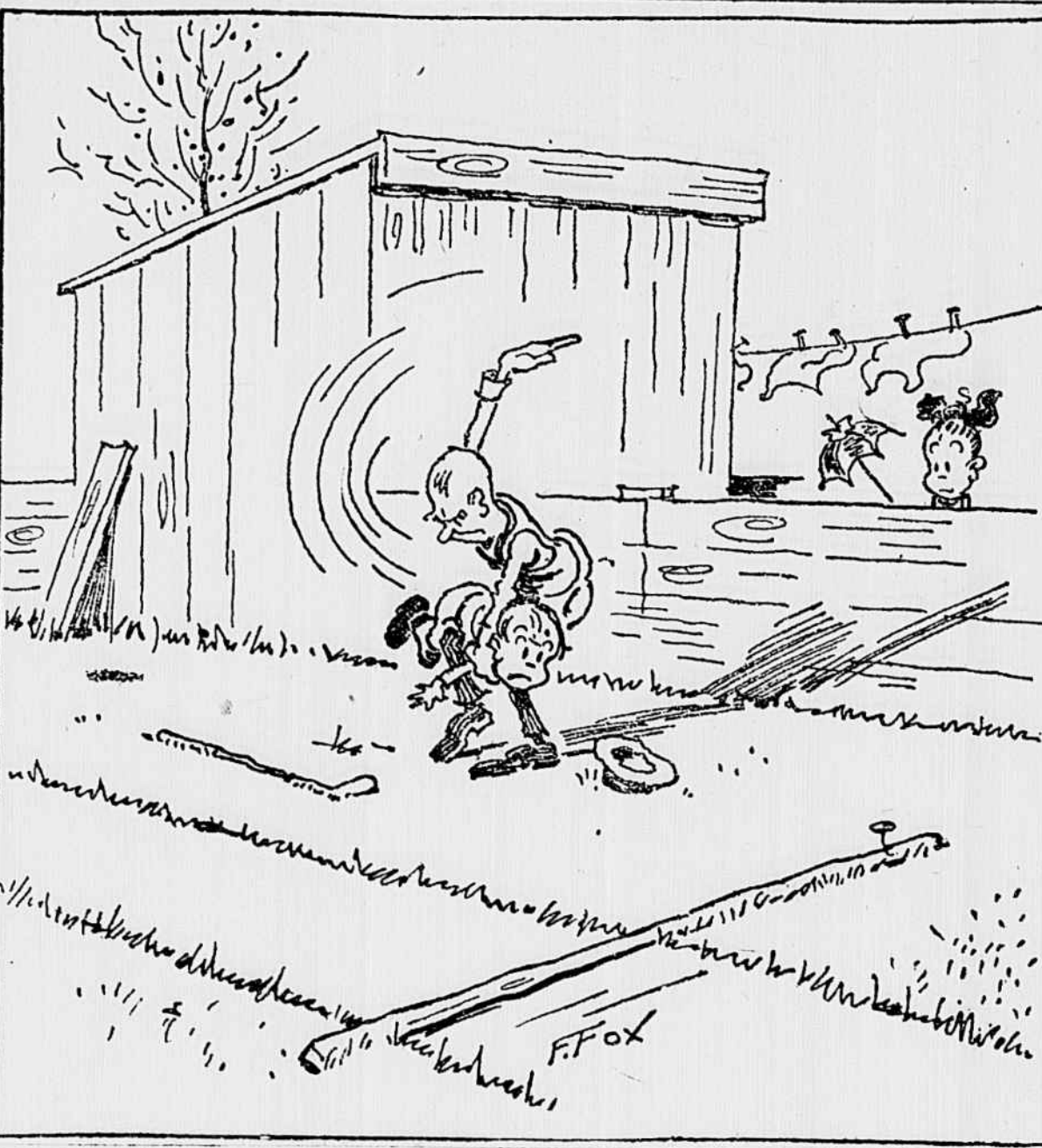
Let Us Finish What
Your Kodak
Began

Expert workmen, modern methods, improved equipment and tested chemicals insure results.

Hall
OPTICAL CO. INC.

211 East Broad Street.

It's Mighty Nice to Have Your Sweetheart Living Next Door, But at Certain Times it's Certainly Very Embarrassing (Copyright, 1916, by the Wheeler Syndicate, Inc.) By F. Fox

Value of Pumice Stone
Useful in the Household

Few people understand the value of pumice stone and realize the various purposes it may be made to serve in the household. Its very cheapness brings it within the reach of those of even the most limited means, as it may be purchased in large pieces for only a few pennies where painters' supplies are sold.

It is generally rough and unfit for use when purchased new, but this is easily remedied by grinding off the rough edges on a grindstone; then as soon as it is used it becomes perfectly smooth.

Keep a piece on the washstand and in the bathroom to remove stains from the hands, for it will act like a charm when all other remedies have failed if moistened with soap and rubbed over the stained places. It may be used in the same way to remove callous spots from the feet without injuring the flesh.

For cleansing cooking utensils it has no equal; when food adheres to the bottom of kettles, pots and pans, or burns in them, partly fill with water, cover and let boil; if of a greasy nature, add soap or a spoonful of powdered borax; empty as soon as the contents become loosened, then rub well with a piece of pumice stone kept for such purposes; it will become as smooth and polished as when new.

All painters use pumice for smoothing rough spots on woodwork that sandpaper will not remove, and dentists use the very finely powdered stone to remove tartar from teeth.

Our Opportunity.
Are we negligible? Everytime that we stiffen in our defense of inter-national law and the rights of neutrals little Holland and the other neutrals stiffen, too, and when we weaken they weaken, for they guide themselves by us. Never have we had such an opportunity among the nations, as Europeans realize better than we do. The time is one of action, the world is molten hot with war and one stroke of decision may shape its future for a hundred years—Frederick Palmer, in Colliers Weekly.

FOURQUEAN, TEMPLE & CO.
The House of "Quality First"To-Day Commences Our
Greatest End O'Month Sale

All over the store great offerings of seasonable merchandise are being made, and all are priced at taking prices for Wednesday, Thursday and Friday. These hints from two sections:

End-of-the-Month Offering
OF FINE SILKS

Here's a regular "Waterloo" of Silk values. Chances galore to gather rare value and worth at insignificant cost.

\$1.25 Natural Pon-gees; 33 inches; at 98c
\$1.25 and \$1.50 Striped Taffetas; full yard wide; very stylish; pure grade silk; yard 95c
\$2 White Washable Satin; full yard wide; unusual quality; now, yard \$1.69

\$2.50 and \$3 Silks, Crepe Taffetas, striped and figured, and Crepe de Chine; sizes 40-inch; best colors, \$1.69

\$1.50 Black Messaline, 36 inches wide; a popular and very serviceable silk; sizes now, yard 98c

Short Lengths and Remnants.
These cuttings principally from our recent June Silk Sale are all desirable and unusually attractive. They have been repicked, and are marked for this End-of-the-Month Sale at prices that make them the greatest bargains of the season. Lengths, 2 1/2 to 9 yards.

Boys' and Women's Knit Underwear

Some specials in Knit Underwear enter this End-of-the-Month Sale at prices that will induce quick buying.

Women's \$1.25 Gauze Lisle Union Suits. These are here in size 5 only; at 98c each
Women's \$1.25 Ribbed Silk Vests; very fine, cool and elastic; sizes 5 and 6; at 98c each
Boys' 25c Porosknit Union Suits; very comfortable for warm weather; sizes 28 and 30; each 19c
Boys' 10c Athletic Shirts; fine elastic gauze; sizes 32, 34. This sale, 12/2c each

Fourquean, Temple & Co.

Masonic Temple—Broad and Adams.

J.B. Mosby & Co.

Clover Day

June Sale Wednesday, Thursday and Friday, 28th, 29th and 30th.

Special Notice. — Goods charged during this sale will not appear on your bill until the one rendered August 1st.

\$1.25 Black Japanese Silks, 95c. Spot-proof, fast black, perspiration-proof.

\$2.00 Spot-Proof Shantung, \$1.39 yard. 40 inches wide; white with turquoise, old rose and emerald stripes, in fast colors.

\$1.50 Colored Chiffon Taffeta, 95c yard. 36 inches wide; old rose, etc.

27 and 32-inch Corduroy, 78c yard; was \$1.00. White, orange, wild rose, Belgian blue, navy, laurel green, castor, champagne, etc.

Women's \$20.00 to \$35.00 Tailored Suits, \$5.98. Serges and gabardines, in tan and green.

Sport Suits, \$12.98; were \$35.00 and \$39.50. Serges and Goffex cloth, in pink, rose, red and Nile.

\$19.75 to \$35.00 Silk Dresses, \$10.98. Crepe de chimes and taffetas, in navy, old rose, tan, gray and black. The taffetas are in plain, striped and plaid effects.

\$1.00 Middy Blouses, \$9c. Galatea cloth, in pink, blue and black and white stripes. All sizes.

\$2.00 White Plique Skirts, \$1.59. Wooltex pre-shrunk garments, trimmed with pearl buttons.

\$3.50 Jersey Top Petticoats, \$2.98. Plain, circular messaline flounce; reds, greens and browns.

RICHMOND'S GREAT UNDERSELLING STORE

The Freed Co.

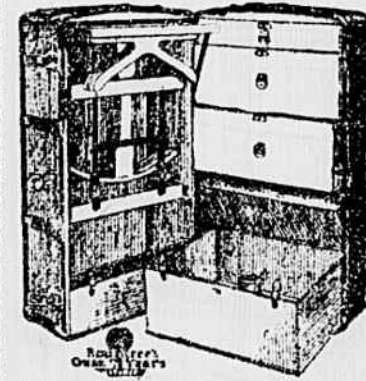
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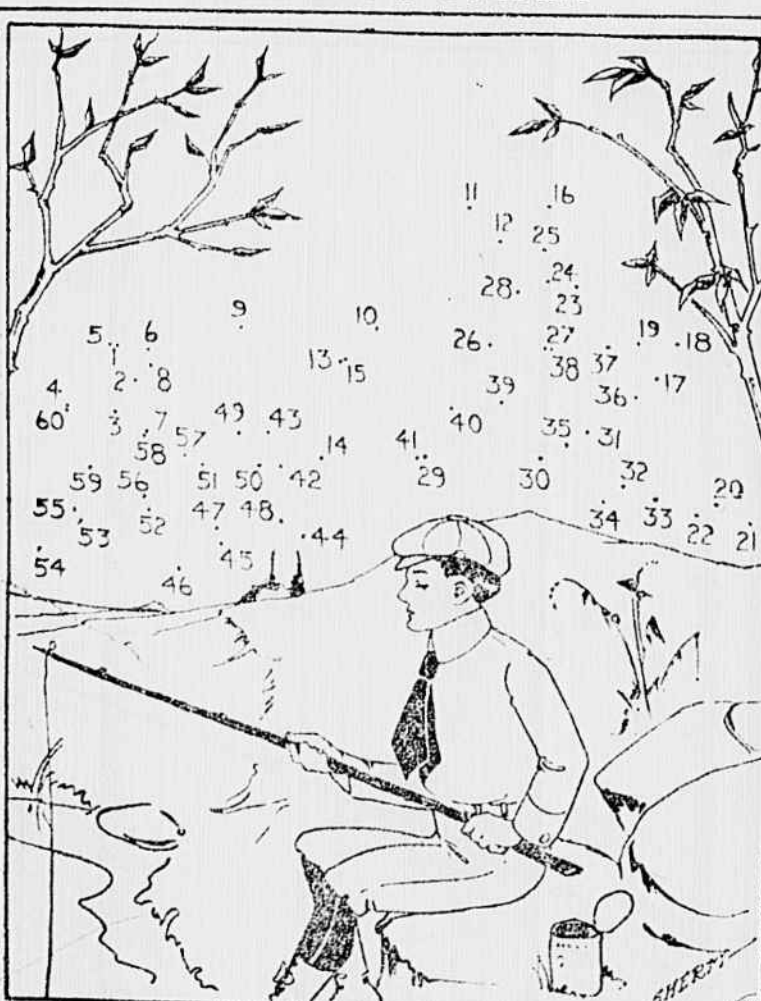
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THE DOT FARM



Tommy came back from fishing one day and didn't have much to say about it. It seemed as though his luck had not been of the very best.

"What was the trouble, Tommy?" asked his uncle.

"Well, you see it was like this," replied Tommy. "I went out back of the hen yard and dug worms until my back ached, and then I fished until the worms were all gone, and just as my bait gave out the fish began to bite."

"Well," mused his uncle, "I believe that if I had gone fishing and my angle worms had given out, and the fish were biting, I'd have looked around for a

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